Spirit of the Times.

VOLUME 3. IRONTON, LAWRENCE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1855. NUMBER 38.

POETRY.

A New Poem by Fanny Forrester.

N. P. Willis sends the following surpassingly beautiful Poem by Fanny Forrester, to the Home Journal, of last week, which he is not sure has ever been published. He adds the widowed heart of the gifted one—with her apostle husband just gone before her to heaven—thus exquisitely tells the story of their earthly love and its still lingering 'hold of hands.'

I gazed down life's deep labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men.—
By his deep spirit loveliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my wearied head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For here was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way;
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel love and I,—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky.
Strange my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky,
Black hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly in my tangled path,
The sharp bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot for well I know
The goal cannot be far,
And ever through the rifted clouds,
Shines but one steady star—
For when my gui'e went up, *he left*
The pearly gate ajar.

HUMOROUS.

From the Clock Maker.

The Road to a Woman's Heart---The Broken Heart.

As we approached the Inn at Amherst, the Clockmaker grew uneasy. Its pretty well on in the evening, I guess, said he, and Marm Pugwash is as unsartin in her temper as a mornin in April; its all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and hiss, like a goose with a flock of goslins. I wonder what on airth Pugwash was a thinkin on, when he signed articles of partnership with that are woman, she's not a bad lookin piece of furniture neither, and its a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry such a stiff upper lip—she reminds me of our old minister Joshua Hopewell's apple trees.

The old minister had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, graftin, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence, I never seed such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other folks lost theirn from the boys, his'n always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, Minister, said I, how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else can do it nohow.—Why, says he, they are dreadful pretty fruit, ain't they? I guess, said I, there aint the like on 'em in all Connecticut. Well, says he, I'll tell you the secret, but you need'nt let on to any one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself. I took great pains to get the right kind, I sent clean up to Roxberry and away down to Squaw neck Creek, (I was afeared he was a goin to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories,) so says I, I know that, minister, but how do you preserve them? Why, I was a goin to tell you, said he; when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so eternal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they search no farther. They snicker at my graftin, and I laugh in my sleeves, I guess, at their penetration.

Now, Marm Pugwash is like the Minister's apples, very temptin fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess its pretty puckery by this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder,' that will take the frown out of her frontispiece, and make her dial-plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. Its a pity she's such a kickin' devil, too, for she has good points—good eye—good foot—neat pastern—fine chest—a clean set of limbs, and carries a good ——. But here we are, now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do.

When we entered the house, the travelers' room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's comments.

Good evening, Marm, said Mr. Slick, how do you do and how's Mr. Pugwash? He, said she, why he's been abed this hour, you don't expect to disturb him this time of night, I hope. Oh no, said Mr. Slick, certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer than we expected; I am sorry that——. So am I, said she, but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an Inn when he has no occasion to, his family can't expect no rest.

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, Well, if that ain't a beautiful child—come here my little man, and shake hands along with me—well, I declare, if that are litte feller ain't the finest child I ever seed—what, not abed yet? ah you rogue, where did you get them are pretty cheks; stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country, said he, turning to me, the children are all as pale as chalk, or as yaller as an orange. Lord, that are little feller would be a show in our country—come to me, my man.—Here the 'soft sawder' began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said in a milder tone than we had yet heard, 'Go my my dear to the gentleman—go dear.' Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, told him all the little girls there would fall in love with him, for they did'nt see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. Black eyes—let me see—ah mamma's eyes too, and black hair also; as I am alive, why you are mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma. Do be seated, gentlemen, said Mrs. Pugwash—Sally, make a fire in the next room.—She ought to be proud of you, he continued. Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. Did you ever see, said he, again addressing me, such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother? I am sure you have had no supper, said Mrs. Pugwash to me; you must be hungry and weary, too—I will get you a cup of tea. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, said I. Not the least trouble in the world, she replied, on the contrary, a pleasure.

We were then shown into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up, but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingered behind to ascertain his age, and concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, its a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to git them to start, arter that there is no trouble with them if you don't check 'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself would'nt start em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the natur of the critter; she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I see a child, said the Clockmaker, I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child.*

You seem, said I, to understand the female heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favourite among the fair sex. Any man, he replied, that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are just alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. *Incourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.*

People talk an everlasting sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there ain't one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, Oh, such a man is an ugly grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart; jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new India Rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in tother sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of our granadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a tow boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur of a man; you could'nt falt him in no particular; he was so just a made critter; folks used to run to the window when he passed, and say there goes Washington Banks, beant he lovely? I do believe there was'nt a gall in the Lowell factories, that warnt in love with him. Sometimes, at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together, (an amazin hansom sight too, near about a whole congregation of young galls) Banks used to say, 'I vow, young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all; it's a whapper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it at your service.' Well, how do you act, Mr. Banks, half a thousand little clipper clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and then dear little eyes sparklin, like so many stars twinklin of a frosty night.

Well, when I last see'd him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally deflashed, a mere walkin skeleton. I am dreadful sorry, says I, to see you, Banks, lookin so peecked; why you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you? I am dyin, says he, *of a broken heart.* What says I, have the galls been jiltin you? No, no, says he, I beant such a fool as that neither. Well, says I, have you made a bad speculation?—No, says he, shakin his head, I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that. What under the sun, is it, then? said I. Why, says he, I made a bet the fore part of summer with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, *but the Anchor was so etarnal heavy it broke my heart.* Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heerd tell of *a broken heart.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

HELP YOURSELF.

The ancients had a saying, importing that "the gods help those who help themselves." We moderns, a little too ready to praise our multiform charities, would lose nothing by adopting its sentiments. A rich man dies, and generously bequeaths superfluous thousands to a public charity, a school, a library, or a college Professorship, thus erecting to himself a monument more lasting than marble; and straightway we drown the sobs of the mourners with a general cry of admiration, in which we glorify the wisdom of our hero as even more wonderful than his brilliant generosity.

His wisdom, as compared with those who leave a fortune to pile marble monstrosities of monumental folly over their bones, is decidedly praiseworthy; but it stands open to criticism, if we try it by any higher test. That much good is accomplished by such an appropriation, is not to be doubted but that much harm grows out of it, and far less benefit than is commonly fancied, cannot well be denied. Charity scholars have rarely been an ornament to their profession. What has cost nothing is so apt to be valued at the same, that in this matter it has generally come to be worth just what it cost. Give to a poor, able-bodied shirk soup and potatoes enough, and you have removed the last whip with which kind nature would have driven him to usefulness.

Beneficent Hunger is the good angel of many a soul wasting in laziness, who has been roused to worthy action by its keen spur. Let us be careful that we put not too many shields between the stern discipline of necessity and its foster child, man. We find no healthy man, with two hands, and the complement of legs, who can need our aid to the amount of two meals of wholesome food. If he is hungry he needs one to begin with, and a chance to earn the next. Wind him up, oil machinery, and set him to work, That is true charity towards any one able to work.

Institutions, like men, should be made self-supporting. They become vital then, and with some fair prospect of a long life of usefulness. Bolstered up by perpetual charities, shod with dead men's shoes, they grow powerless to stand or go, and at last die of consumption, because some rich legator did not die for their benefit.

He who sweats for his bread has a fine relish for it when he gets it; if he gets less, he makes more of it by a better appetite. After all, a man's power of enjoying physical benefits is very limited. He can taste only so much food as can *touch* his palate; and superfluous cramming blunts the enjoyment of that little. The man who builds his own house, tills his own land, and makes his own fortune, can get things to fit him, to touch his wants, and so find in his little a larger taste of enjoyment than the rich heir, the idle liver by his wits, who eats to suffocation what some hungry fellow were himself out to procure.

Paupers in broadcloth, are all the more voracious than their ragged brethren, as they are more insolent. A clean shirt on their backs, by the grace of a dead uncle, or inconsiderate father, has an effect no less mighty, if not quite so tragic, as that which the Centaur Nessus bequeathed to Hercules. That old celestial Tom Hyer knocked down the Centaur and stole his shirt, and coming to put it on, for a change, the posioned thing burnt his hide off. Our lazy donothings, revelling on the wealth of their dead relations, suffer not such outward flaying, indeed, but the inner man is smothered to death by the weight of too much charity.

"Help yourself" is the iron rule, not less needful than the golden rule of "help one another," only so far as to set him on his legs to help himself, if our kindness is a wise one.

Little by little the father and mother relax their arms from the helpless child, and use him to self-reliance, and even flatter him with the fancy that his little tasks are a help to them, thus unteaching that dependence which is necesarily his first feeling. So mute Nature teaches man and because she is mute, or he is slow to catch her slightest suggestions, she cuffs him rudely with the whip of many wants, that stings worse than any "cat," whose "nine lives" are in its "nine tails," if he takes not quick heed, and digs for his life. Out of our necessities she makes us great, only giving the means of self help, and leaving the rest to our own endeavors. There are no great men where bread grows on the trees, and the nuts of the woods bear milk—*New York Organ.*

It is little trouble to tell a lie, but it is a great deal of trouble to conceal the fact that you have told one.

An Hour in the State Prison.

The Trenton, N. J. Gazette says:—"We paid a visite last week to the State Prison. Among the female prisoners is a young woman, 22 years of age, Margaret Devine, convicted about four years since of poisoning her mistress and sentenced to twenty years of imprisonment. She has served less than a quarter of it, yet, when asked how much longer she was to stay there, replied cheerfully, "nearly sixteen years." She is a good looking girl, and judging from her countenance it would be difficult to imagine her guilty of so dreadful a crime.

In another cell we found an intelligent looking German girl, whose term of twelve months has almost expired. As an evidence of the improvement to be derived from presevering application, even when surrounded by the most untoward associations, we may mention that when she entered she could not speak a syllable of English; now she speaks, reads and writes with wonderful proficiency. It is interesting to notice, in passing from cell to cell, the evidence of genius displayed by many of the convicts. In some instances the walls are covered with original sketches, portraits, &c., many of which would do credit to larger opportuuity and better materials. Here and there an ingenious original machine is to be found which must have cost months of patient experiment.

In one we were shown an intricate arragement of wheels, cogs and pullys, including figures of little men and women, spinning wheels, &c., made of the homeliest materials, of course, being such as the keeper would supply occasionally as a reward for orderly conduct; at one end is a cylinder, made to revolve horizontally, into which the prisoner had introduced some mice, caught in his cell, and, by careful training, had succeeded in training them. They knew his voice, and on hearing him whistle, immediately sprang into the cylinder, and caused it to revolve after the manner of a squirrel. This set the whole machine in motion, the spinning wheel, the dancing figures, and all, moving with the nicest precision. The taming of these tiny creatures, captives like himself, shows how inherent in the breast of man is the desire for companiomship—since pleasure can be derived from the society of one of the meanest of the animal kingdom.

The specimens of workmanship in the various trades of weaving, chair seating, boot and shoe making, &c., are very creditable to the institution, and those who may have been led to the commission of crime, from ignorance of a trade, are sent forth, at the expiration of their terms, well instructed in good, reliable trades, and trained to habits of productive industry.

One thing, however, was forcibly impressed upon our mind—the necessity of a House of Refuge in this State. It is dreadful of contemplate the amount of evil which young boys may learn from the society of those who are old in vice. We notice occasionally a boy of tender age in the cell with one whose deep crimes deserve the darkest dungeon. A refuge is a crying want in New Jersey. We trust the day is not far distant which shall see the juvenile delinquents as carefully and properly provided for in a refuge, as the older ones are in the State prison.

Use of the Sabbath.

A celebrated English physician has lately given the following evidence before the house of commons on the physicial use of the Sabbath:

"I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the uses of the Sabbath, and of observing its abuses. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labor and dissipation. The use, medically speaking, is that of a day of rest. In a theological sense it is a holy rest, providing for the induction of new and sublime ideas in the mind of man, preparing him for his future state. As a day of rest I view it as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the same body under continued labor and excitement. If I show you, from the physiological view of the question, that there are provisions in the law of nature which correspond with the divine commandment, you shall see from the analogy that the Sabbath was made for man," as a necessary appointment. A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature by which God—who is not only the giver, but also the preserver and sustainer of life—prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day and night, that repose may succeed action. But although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose, the animal system. I consider that in the bountiful provision made by Almighty God for the preservation of human life, the Sabbatical appointment is viewed, simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution; but that it is to be numbered among the natural duties, if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty; and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question, but if you consider further the proper effect of real Christianity—namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good will to man—you will perceive in this source of renewed vigor to the mind, and through the mind in the body, an additional spring of life imparted from the higher use of the Sabbath as a holy rest. I would point out the Sabbatical rest as necessary to man, and that the great enemies of the Sabbath, and consequently the enemies of man, are all laborious exercises of the mind, and dissipation, which force the circulation on that day on which should repose; while relaxation from the ordinary care of life, the enjoyment of this repose in the bosom of one's family with the religious studies and duties which the day enjoins not one of which, if rightly exercised, tends to abridge life, constitute the beneficial and appropriate service of the day.

Choice of Pursuits in Life.

There is a genuine good sense and right feeling expressed in the following paragraph, from a late work by Mrs. Sedgwick. The sentiments expressed are in harmony with just views of our republican institutions:

"I shall be governed by circumstances; I do not intend or wish, Anthon, to crowd my boys into the learned professions. If any among them have particular talent or taste for them, they may follow them. They must decide for themselves in a matter more important to them than any one else. But my boys know that I should be mortified if they selected the professions from the vulgar notion that they were more genteel—a vulgar word that ought to be banished from the American vocabulary—more genteel than agriculture or the mechanic arts. I have labored hard to convince my boys that there is nothing vulgar in the mechanic's profession; no particular reason for envying the lawyer or the doctor. They, as much as the farmer and mechanic, are working men. And I should like to know what there is particularly elevating in sitting over a table and writing prescribed forms, or in inquiring into the particulars of diseases and doling out physic for them.

"It is certainly a false notion in a democratic republic, that a lawyer has any higher claim to respectability—gentility, if you please—than a tanner, a blacksmith, a painter, or a builder. It is the fault of the mechanic, if he takes the place not assigned to him by the government and institutions of his country.—He is of the lower orders only when he is self-degraded by the ignorant and coarse manners which are associated with manual labor in countries where society is divided into castes, and have, therefore, come to be considered inseparable from it. Rely upon it, it is not so. The old barriers are down. The time has come when, being mechanics, we may appear on laboring days, as well as holidays, without the sign of our profession. Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. To these the Almighty has affixed his everlasting patent of nobility, and these it is which make bright the immortal name to which our children may aspire as well as others. It will be our own fault, Anthon, if, in our land, society as well as government, is not organized upon a new foundation. But we must secure, by our own efforts, the elevations that are now acccessible to all."

Wear and Tear of the Body and Mind.

We are directed to this subject by the following observation of Dr. Johnson:

"There is a condition or state of body and mind intermediate between that of sickness and health, but much nearer the former than the latter, to which I am unable to give a satisfactory name. It is daily and hourly felt by tens of thousands in this metropolis, and throughout the empire, but I do not know that it has ever been described. It is not curable by physic, though I apprehend it makes much work for the doctors ultimately, if not for the undertakers. It is that *wear and tear* of the living machine, which results from over strenuous labor, or exertion of the intellectual faculties, rather than of the corporeal powers, conducted in anxiety of mind and bad air. It bears some analogy to the state of a ship, which, though still sea-worthy, exhibits the effects of a tempestuous voyage, and indicates the propriety of re-caulking the seams and overhauling the rigging. It might be compared to the condition of the wheels of a carriage, when the tires begin to moderate their close embrace of the wood work, and require turning.—Lastly, it bears no remote similitude to the strings of a harp, when they get relaxed by a long series of vibrations, and demand bracing up.

I do not speak of the mere labor of the body. The fatigue induced by the hardest day's toil may be dissipated by "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" but not so the fatigue of the mind. Thought or care cannot be cast off when we please, like exercise. The head may be laid on the pillow, but a chaos of ideas will infest the over-worked brain, and either prevent our slumbers or render them a series of tumultuous, or distressing dreams, from which we rise more languid than when we lie down."

A Second Whitfield.—Recent English journals mention that a young preacher of the Methodist Church, is creating as much excitement as Irving and Whitfield did in their day. The London correspondent of the New York Sunday Times says: "His name is Spurgen, and he can scarcely have reached his 22d or 23d year, I should think. His eloquence is extraordinary—it overwhelmes you with its force and brilliancy; and his voice has the charicteristics which Whitfield's is said to have possessed—a ring-

☞ Conduct is Fate.

MISCELLANY.

PETTY VEXATIONS.

"Life's smallest miseries are perhaps its worst.
We blush that they exist, and yet how keen
The pain that they inflict."

The petty vexations of life, and the ebullitions of ill humor they provoke, are of the greatest importance to us.—As flies in the sultry summer annoy us and rouse us from unhealthy indolence, so these little crosses stir up the passions and save them from extinction. The finest intellect, the strongest mind that faces unmoved the larger evils of life, is most apt to be taken off its guard by insignificant trifles. These small irritations are evidently required to act with increased frequency and intensity in proportion as the passions are schooled against excitement from larger sources.

The large and vitally important reverses for which we should always be prepared, are happily so few that the passions necessary to combat them could not be kept alive if solely dependent for exercise on such occasions. It is therefore obviously necessary that they be kept in daily drill at home; just as soldiers in peace keep up the martial spirit by drilling, by petty quarrels, duels and wrangling broils. The man whose easy life has not been kept in drill by small misfortunes, sinks helpless under the first blast of adversity.

Petty vexations serve another useful purpose in the economy of the mental structure. The mind, like the body requires the expulsion of the waste matter made in the production of every act of thought or passion. Continual mental labor, if not relieved by outbursts of passion at trifles, would soon provoke insanity. Hence the proverbial irritability of genius saves it from madness. Where the studious are confined very closely, the difficulty of finding objects to let loose upon drives them to the kitchen, where, by a meddling scrutiny, they can readily find vent for any excess of ill humor.

In minds of a lower order, this useful function is performed by a slower and less violent process. Incessant grumbling, like insensible perspiration, relieves them so regularly that paroxysms of anger are not required. The moral atmosphere of the grumbler, like the climate of England is always hazy and a stranger to sunshine. That of the passionate man, like our own changeable climate, is moved by agreeable alternations of angry storms with serene and brilliant sunlight.

This is the climate, and such is the temperament for bright scintillations of creative genius.—[Philosophy of Evil.

Observation and Inquiry.

Nature indicates to the infant the two main elements of wisdom: nature herself teaches the infant to observe and to inquire. You will have noticed how every new object catches the eye of a child, how intuitively he begins to question you upon all he surveys—what it is?—what it is for?—how it came there? and, how it is made? and who made it? Gradually, as he becomes older, his observation becomes less eager. In fact, both faculties are often puzzling to those about him. He is told to attend to his lessons, and not to ask questions to which he cannot understand the replies. This reckless vivacity is drilled into mechanical forms, so that often when we leave school, we observe less and inquire less than when we stood at the knee of our mother in the nursery. But our first object on entering upon youth, and surveying the great world that spreads before us, should be to *regain the earliest attributes of the child. What were the* INSTINCTS *of the infant, are the* PRIMARY DUTIES *of the student.* His ideas become rich and various in proportion as he *observes*, accurate and practical in proportion as he *inquires*.

The old story of Newton *observing* the fall of the apple, and so arriving by *inquiry* at the laws of gravity, will occur to you all. But this is the ordinary process in every department of intelligence. A man who observes more attentively than others had done, is something very simple. He reflects, tests his observations by inquiry, and becomes the discoverer, the inventor, enriches a science, improves a manufacture, adds new beauty to the arts, or, if engaged in professional life, detects as a physician, the secret causes of disease; extracts truth as a lawyer from the most contradictory evidence—or grapples as a statesman with the complicated principles by which nations flourish or decay. In short, take with you into all your studies this leading proposition, that, whether in active life, in letters, or in research, *a man will always be eminent according to the vigilance with which he observes and the acuteness with which he inquires.* But this is not enough, something more is wanted—it is that resolute effort of the will which we call perseverance. I am no believer in genius without labor; but I do believe that labor, judiciously applied, becomes genius itself.

Success in removing obstacles, as in conquering armies, depends on this law of mechanics—*the greatest amount of force at your command concentrated on a given point.* If your constitutional force be less than another man's, you equal him if you continue it longer, and concentrate it more. The old saying of the Spartan parent to the son who complained that his sword was too short, is applicable to everything in life—"if your weapon be too short, add a step to it." Dr. Arnold, the famous Rugby schoolmaster, said that the difference between one boy and another was not so much in talent as in energy. It is with boys as with men: *and perseverance is energy made habitual.*—[Bulwer.

John Howard on Diet and Regimen.

A more puny whipster than myself in the days of my youth was never seen.—I could not walk out an evening without wrapping up. If I got wet in the feet, a cold succeeded. I could not put on my shirt without its being aired. I was politely enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was occasionally troubled with a very genteel hectic. To be serious, I am convinced that whatever emasculates the body, debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to us as social beings. I therefore entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree that I have neither cough, cold, vapors, nor any more alarming disorder since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this, I used to be a miserable dependent on wind and weather; a little too much of either would postpone and frequently prevent not only my amusements, but my duties. And every one knows that pleasure or duty deferred is often destroyed. If, pressed by my affections, or by the necessity of my affairs, I did venture forth in spite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, not seldom afflictive. I muffled up even my nostrils. A crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me; a sudden slope of the wheels to the right or left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like a dislocation; and the sight of a bank or precipice, near which my carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much that I would order the driver to stop that I might get out and walk by the different places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and great fires were to comfort me, and keep out the cold, as it was called, at every stage; and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or in other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c., were to be instantly put on, the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot, going to bed; and before I pursued my journey the next day, a dram was to be swallowed down to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

Every man must, in these cases, be his own physician. He must prescribe for and practise on himself. I did this by a very simple, but as you will think, a very severe regimen; namely, by denying myself almost everything in which I had long indulged. But, as it is always much harder to get rid of a bad habit than to contract it, I entered upon my reform gradually, that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgence by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one as it is termed, and a cheerful glass, that is to say, one more than does you good, made me incapable, at least disinclined to any useful exertion for some hours after dinner; and if the diluting powers of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper came so close upon it that I was fit for nothing but dissipation, till I went to a luxurious bed; where I finished the enervating practices by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen hours on a stretch You will not wonder that I arose the next morning with the solids relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the juices thickened, and the constitution weakened. To remove all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion.

It is really wonderful to consider how imperceptibly a single morsel of animal food and a teaspoonful of liquor deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions without any injury to the corporeal, nay, with increased vigor to both. I brought myself in the first instance, from dining on many dishes to dining on a few; and then to being satisfied with one.

My next business was to eat sparingly of the adopted dish. My ease, vivacity and spirits augmented. My clothing, underwent a similar reform; the effect of all of which is and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged ud a mountain, or driven down a valley. If an accident happen, I am prepared for it, I mean so far as it respects imaginary terrors, and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, wet feet, night air, damp houses, transitions from heat to cold, and the long train of hypochondriac affections. Believe me, we are too apt to invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe for ourselves.—For instance, we are forever giving hot things when we should give cold.

A Temperance Lecturer descanting on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked, as a knock down argument, that "when the world became so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing else with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water."

"Yes," replied a wag, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the airth."

The way to secure a good character is always to do right.

The way to succeed in business is to stick to it.

One way to gain a business is to advertise. To keep it, deal justly.

The way to secure [illegible] is never to deceive.

The reputation of [illegible] depends on the number of their [illegible]

The way to be considered [illegible] make many friends.

Friends can [illegible] would keep us from [illegible]

☞ There are two [illegible] please women—[illegible] those who [illegible]